

# Songs for the Hobo Colleges and the Int. Brotherhood Welfare Asso'n

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## No. I. THE JUBILEE OF LABOR.

By Herbert N. Casson. Air, Marching thru Georgia

Raise your voices, comrades, in a loud and hearty song,  
Music is the enemy of tyranny and wrong  
Melody will help us to be resolute and strong,  
As we are marching to freedom.

### CHORUS :

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll bring the Jubilee,  
Hurrah, hurrah, the workers shall be free ;  
So we'll sing in chorus from the center to the sea,  
As we are marching to freedom.

~~We mean to fight for justice and for equity again,~~  
Long the new Grand Army has been gathering its men,  
Many friends will help us on with ballot, voice and pen,  
As we are marching to freedom.

## No. II. HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Worker's Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high,  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS :

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong ;  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look, my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

RBC See our numbers still increasing ;  
NcU Hear the bugle blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

SOLIDARITY FOREVER.

By Ralph H. Chaplain.

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(Tune : "John Brown's Body")

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When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one ?

But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS :

Solidarity forever !  
Solidarity forever !  
Solidarity forever !

But the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies ; built the cities where  
they trade ;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of  
railroad laid.  
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made ;

But the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold ;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

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Air — Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching.

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In our poverty and toil  
Looking out upon the world  
We can see the gathering armies of the Cause ;  
And we feel ourselves a part  
Of the new resistless power  
That shall sweep away oppression and its laws.

## CHORUS :

Tramp, tramp, tramp, you hear us marching,  
Millions now are on the way,  
And our army ne'er shall pause  
Till the right to live is ours,  
And the sun has risen on a fairer day.

In the shops and in the slums,  
Working, suffering day by day,  
We are making wealth for millionaires to hold ;  
But with joy we pledge our faith  
To the cause of all who toil,  
Till the better social order shall unfold.

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

In the days that are to be  
When the Cause we love has won,  
We shall labor for ourselves and for our own ;  
Each for all and all for each,  
And through many joyful years  
We shall pluck the fruits that comrades brave  
have sown.

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

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By Eugène Pottier.

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Arise, ye prisoners of starvation !  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves ; no more in thrall ;  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

REFRAIN :

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
"The Internationale"  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall ;  
We workers ask not for their favors ;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty,  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.